

Shadow Hunting Vikings

by Httyd4eva

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Summary: hiccup horrendous haddock the III always knew he was different, but never in his wildest dreams did he think it was because he was a Shadowhunter! join him and his friends Toothless (human), Vanessa(OC), and Astrid as they fight to save the world from evil forces. starts off when they're all 6. (will have many OC's, as well as new demons and a few new runes). Hiccstrid!

Shadow Hunting Vikings

Hiccup P.O.V.

I was sitting on the branch of a tree looking at the sea when I saw two old people, woman and man both dressed in a white-ish, cream-ish colour that looked like bone. The woman had two straps that crossed over her shoulders to her hips with blade-less daggers in them, the man carried a sword.

"That was a pretty nasty one, the monsters are getting worse and worse," said the woman, drawing a strange mark that seemed oddly familiar on her arm and her wounds started healing. Weird.

"I know Val, I know," said the man.

Being the ever-polite child I was I said, "Hi!"

They both jumped. They lifted their sleeves, revealing more marks, then checked each others arms. They spun towards me.

"Who are you?" asked the man, drawing his sword which I noticed had a black substance caked all over it.

something inside me screamed 'demon blood' at the sight of it.

"My name's Hiccup! What're yours?" I asked, tilting my head to the

side and leaning forward like I always did when I was listening to someone.

"My name's Jonathan Herondale," said the man- Jonathan.

"Valerie, Valerie Herondale," said the woman.

"Now the more important question, what are you?" asked Jonathan.

I stared at the man, confusion written across my face.

"Uh, a Viking. Why?" I replied.

The man face palmed, "I mean are you a lycanthrope? A fair folk? A Nephilim? You clearly aren't a child of the night or else you would be a pile of ashes by now."

"Jonathan," Valerie whispered to him, lowly but I could still hear it, "what if he's a demon, he can't be a Nephilim, if he was what would he be doing here? And the other options are all down-worlders, you know better than to trust them!"

"Relax Val, he's just a kid."

"Look Jon, you may choose to forget **his** death but I wont, ****he**** died at the hands of one of those ****filthy**** down-worlders!"

whoever this **he **was I could tell it hurt the old lady to talk about it.

"Look Val, I say we take him to the clave and let them decide what to do with him."

Valerie sighed, "I guess you have a point. But if he is a mundane we'll need to ask his parents first. What're your parents names little one?"

I could tell that last part was for me.

"Stoick the vast and Vallhalarama of the white arms and chunky thighs," I replied.

"Okay, come along, we need to ask them something," said Jonathan, extending his hand out to me.

"Okay!" I said, accepting his hand as we walked to the village.

I had no clue who these people were but they seemed nice, well ****nicer**** than the people in my village at least. Fishlegs used to be my friend before he left me to join the 'populars'. The populars are these six kids in berk who think they're so-o-o cool, but really they're just jerks. They consist of

Snotlout Jorgensen, my cousin (unfortunately)

Fishlegs Ingerman, my ****ex-****friend

Tuffnut and Ruffnut Thorston, the two fraternal twins who look identical

And finally Alex and Alex Hofferson, that confuse you? Welcome to my world. They're fraternal twins, Alex is the guy, his name is short for Alexander, Alex is the girl, her name is short for Alexandra. I know what you're thinking, and yes their parents were drunk when they named them (Talk about late planning)

Anyways, those six had made it their personal mission in life to make my life a living hell. Always teasing me about stuff, like that time when I was four and saw a pixie (That's what Gothi told me they were called) or the time I swear I saw a furry man with a tail, but for some reason they see nothing!

We walked towards the village, Jonathan and Valerie were talking to me and I was answering the questions when we ran into the 'populars'.

"Hey useless," Snotlout sneered, _huh, 6 years and you think he'd come up with a better nickname, _"See you're talking to you're imaginary friends again, eh."

I saw Jonathan give me a look that said, 'who are they?' as plain as day.

I sighed, "What do you want now Snotlout?"

Alex (I'll add an a at the end for the girl, 'k?) pushed in front of him, "Watch who you're talking to, **runt**."

Valerie and Jonathan looked appalled at his words.

"Wow Alex, I never knew knew five letter words," I said mockingly.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jonathan giving me a thumbs while Valerie looked like she was sending a prayer to some god calledâ€¦ Israel? Yet for some odd reason the name felt familiar.

"Yo, guys, I think its time we taught hiccup to **respect** his superiors," said Tuffnut, walking upfront and cracking his knuckles trying to act tough.

I couldn't help but notice that Fishlegs was looking uncomfortable at this back up, at least one of them was remotely nice, if I could even call it that. They surrounded me, even without Fishlegs they outnumbered me five to one. I could see Jonathan biting his nails and Valerie had her hand on one of her handles. Alex took the first swing, I jumped out of the way, he growled. Tuffnut aimed a kick to my stomach, I dodged, he looked furious. I caught a quick glance at the Herondales, they were gaping, wow I wonder what they'd say if they saw me battling those pixiesâ€¦. Yeah, on second thought that would best be forgottenâ€¦

Snotlout aimed a punch at my face, time slowed I felt feather light, I jumped up, not much, just about 20-30 feet, grabbed the branch above, swung myself making a 180arch and landed on the branch in a crouching position. At this point Valerie looked just about ready to faint, as opposed to Jonathan who was cheering, you know after the initial shock of course.

I smirked before looking at the 'populars', each had a look of complete and utter disbelief on their face. I bowed to them before hopping off and landing next to Val and Jon.

"What. Was. That?" asked Val, clearly still in shock.

I shrugged.

"That. Was. Awesome!" cheered Jon, only to be hit in the back of the head by Val.

"that was crazy!" corrected Val, "and what did they mean when they called you a 'runt'?"

"Well that's what I am, a runt," I said, "the smallest of us born."

"Oi! Useless! Why don't you introduce us to your imaginary friends?" smirked Snotlout.

I noticed a slight shimmering around the Herondales. I smirked, they'd told me about glamours on our way here, mwah ha ha, payback time!

I pointed at them, "Valerie and Jonathan Herondale."

I looked back, the glammers had completely faded, I took a glance at Snotlout and his friends. They were all shaking as if they'd seen a ghost, they ran off yelling things like, 'freak', 'ghosts!', and, well, you get the idea.

"Come on, my dad should be at home," I said.

[illegible]

so? What'cha think? I would've been done sooner but when I was halfway through the chapter, and I don't know how, it got deleted! Oh well, I learned my lesson. Btw Toothless's shipping with an OC was because I couldn't think of anyone who would qualify as a match for him, her name's Vanessa and she has black hair and brown eyes, k? also, guys, i learned of something frightening, HTTYD has lost its place as the movie with the 4th most amount of fan fictions! it is now in 7th place! so to all of you, plz write at least 1 story, if we do we should be in about 5th/6th place, k?

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**-httyd4eva**
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****peace out yo:P****

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**p.s. I'm on a holiday in Joburg, which means I get more time to
type! Y? I'm 13, and honestly I'm not really into shopping.
:)**
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End
file.